

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor

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Williams and Blackburn.

Neither Mr. Blackburn nor General Williams have the essential attributes of United States Senators. Mr. Blackburn is showy, eloquent and even brilliant, but he is as radically unfit for the place as his competitor. He is impulsive, domineering, indiscreet with his tongue, undignified in debate and entirely superficial. He was a notable figure in the House where his strong individuality and personal magnetism gave him prominence, but even there he was not considered the peer of Carlisle, Knott or McKenzie. He is a magnificent stump speaker, and in spread-eagle oratory is simply unapproachable, but where profundity of political lore or sledge-hammer argument is demanded, he is weak. He might acquit himself with credit in the Senate, or he might do infinite harm. Gen. Williams has never done anything in the Senate to warrant his being put out of it, nor anything out of it to justify his being put there. He fills the place as would any other average Kentucky gentleman. He tells stories of the Mexican war, takes his three fingers of Bourbon whenever the spirit moves him, distributes no end of garden seeds among his constituents—and draws his pay. There is no harm in him and absolutely no good. He is simply a nonentity. Between the two, Blackburn is by far the brainier, but there are much better and vastly more able men in Kentucky than either. —[Glasgow Times.

The Boy Who "Knew Things or Two."

"My dear boy," said a father to his only son, "you are in bad company. The lads with whom you associate indulge in bad habits. They drink, smoke, swear and play cards. I beg you to quit their society."

"You needn't be afraid of me, father," replied the boy, laughing. "I guess I know a thing or two. I know how far to go and when to stop."

The lad left his father's house twirling his cane in his fingers and laughing at "the old man's notions."

A few years later and that lad, grown to manhood, stood at the bar of a court before a jury which has just brought in a verdict of guilty against him in some crime in which he had been concerned. Before he was sentenced he addressed the court and said among other things: "My downward course began in disobedience to my parents. I thought I knew as much of the world as my father did, and I spurned his advice; but as soon as I turned my back on my home, temptation came upon me like a drove of hyenas and hurried me into ruin."

Mark that confession, ye boys who are beginning to be wiser than your parents! Mark it, and learn that disobedience is the first step on the road to ruin. Don't take it.

Slavery in Cuba is described by Mattie Young in the *Kansas City Times*. She was born in Nashville, Tenn., and, at the age of 3, was stolen by Robinson's Circus. They made a dancing girl of her and took her to Cuba. There, seven years later, she was auctioned to a planter whose place is eight miles out of Havana. She goes on to say: "I was branded on the back with eighteen names and as often as the scars dimmed I was branded again. I was made to plow like a horse. They hitched three women in harness and made us drag the plow, one of us carrying a bit in the mouth. We were sometimes whipped three times a day and we never knew what Sunday was." The girl at length escaped to a ship and landed in Galveston.

Miss Henderson went to Pierre Dakota, to be married to J. D. Scott; but Scott died before the time set. At the funeral Miss Henderson told her sympathizing friends that Scott was the fourth man to whom she had been engaged, and that all had died before the time fixed for the nuptials.

A Harlem girl who had been to hear Nilsson was asked how she liked her repertoire. "Very much indeed, I think it fits her beautifully," was the reply.

The well-known strengthening properties of Iron, combined with other tonic and a most perfect nerve, are found in Carter's Iron Pills, which strengthen the nerves and body, and improve the blood and complexion.

Whipped the Wrong Man.

A pretty young woman in Topeka, got an anonymous note, the other day, signed "Admirer." The writer protested his ardent affection, and requested the young lady to meet him at a certain corner that night. She handed the note to her mother, who was roused to a high pitch of indignation by the fellow's presumption, and who proposed to go to the appointed trysting place herself. She was on time, clothed in her daughter's dress and veil. A fashionably dressed young man was there before her. He was leaning against the fence, and occasionally looking down the street, as if expecting somebody. Without wasting any time on preliminaries, the fond mother seized the young man in an unrelenting clutch, and lashed him mercilessly, with a "black snake" whip which she drew from the folds of her dress. What might have happened had a policeman not arrived cannot be guessed. Explanations followed, and it was soon made plain that the mother had terribly whipped an innocent young man who had merely paused for a moment to wait for a friend to join him from a neighboring drug store. The real letter writer arrived on the scene before the whipping was over, but wisely disappeared before the situation was cleared up.

Put it there.—When the stranger remarked that he was from Arkansas, one of the passengers suddenly turned and asked:

"You are, eh? Maybe you are from Crittenden county?"

"I am that."

"Perhaps from James' Landing?"

"That's it, exactly."

"Then maybe, you know my brother, William Henry Jones, from Penn Yan, this State?"

"Stranger, put it there!" exclaimed the Arkansas traveler, as he extended his hand and smiled all over.

"Bust my buttons, if I didn't help hang your brother for cattle stealing just before I left home." —[Wall Street News.

An Irish woman can always manage to tell a disagreeable truth in a very agreeable way. "How did your husband die?" asked the judge very sternly. "Well, sir, very sudden like," was the reply. "But what was the matter with him?" "Why, I believe sir, he fell out of a window, or through a kind of a cellar door, or something of that sort." "How far did he fall?" "Not more than five or six feet, yer Honor." "And how could such a fall as that kill him?" "You see, sir, there was a bit of a string, or cord, or that like and it had got round poor Mike's neck and he never spoke a word after it."

The New York *Sunday Mercury* has this to say of Gov. Knott: "Every inch a Governor. — Hon. Proctor Knott, who has just been inaugurated Gov. of Kentucky, goes into office with a wide experience gained in Congress and political life, which will prove of inestimable value to him in the discharge of his executive duties. It is from this class of men that the chief magistrates of State, as well as the nation, should be chosen. New men, who are without political experience, invariably fall under the control of clerks and hangers-on and make a failure in office."

"Have you a card, sir?" asked the door-keeper of the House. The man looked a little surprised and answered, "Card? No, I don't carry a pack." "Where are you from, sir?" inquired the door-keeper. "Noth Carolina," was the reply. "What do you do in North Carolina when you go visiting? Don't you send in your card to the man you want to see?" The "tar-heel" laughed outright. "Lor a massy!" he exclaimed. "W'y, we ride up to a feller's fence and holler to him to tie his dog, and then 'light and go in."

The republican party is defined by a New York colored editor as "a close corporation, a thieving machine, a mushroom, an aristocratic syndicate, keeping taxes at high water to feed cormorants and plunderers that fasten on the Treasury." That colored man appears to have employed his time in keeping posted on the political history of his day.

"How are you and your wife coming on?" asked a Galveston man of a colored man. "She run me off, boss." "What's the matter?" "I am to blame, boss. I gave her a white silk dress and she got so proud she had no use for me. She 'lowed I was too dark to match the dress."

Lake Superior covers as much of the earth's surface as England.

Red Tape.

It is said that a younger son of the Duke of Argyll wished to marry an untitled lady, and asked his father's consent. The Duke replied that personally he had no objection to the match, but, in view of the fact that his eldest son had espoused a daughter of the Queen, he thought it right to take her Majesty's pleasure on the subject before expressing his formal approval. Her Majesty, thus appealed to, observed that since the death of the Prince Consort she had been in the habit of consulting the Duke of Saxe-Coburg on all family affairs. The matter was, therefore, referred to Duke Ernest, who replied that since the unification of Germany he had made it a rule to ask for the Emperor's opinion on all important questions. The case now came before the Kaiser, who decided that, as a constitutional sovereign, he was bound to ascertain the views of his Prime Minister. Happily for the now anxious pair of lovers, the "Iron Chancellor" had no wish to consult anybody, and decided that the marriage might take place. —[Lou. Com.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.—A boy met a youthful acquaintance in the street, and exclaimed: "Didn't I tell you, Jack Busby, that I was a goin' to whip you when I caught you out?" "Go away Bill, I don't want to fight." "Maybe you don't think I can whip you?" "It don't make any difference whether you can whip me or not. I don't want to fight. My mother—" "Yes your mother knows I can whale you." "My mother's dead. She died this morning." "I didn't know it, Jack, and you mustn't think hard of me. I ain't got nothing against you. I wouldn't hit you and if another boy was ter come up and hit you now, I'd knock him down. There, don't cry. What yer got in that bundle?" "A black dress." "Come on, and let me carry it for you." —[Arkansas Traveler.

This story is told of the sagacity of the dog of a Texas gentleman: He followed his owner to a gambling hell one day. It was against the rule, but still the proprietor did not turn him out, so he lingered near the poker table. Suddenly, when his owner was betting very largely on three aces, the dog flew at him as if mad, and bit at his legs and tore his coat and broke up the game. All threw down their hands in the melee and then the dog's owner saw that his opponent held a hand superior to his own. Since that he has received offers of large sums for that dog from Texas gentlemen of the strictest honor.

The gross misuse of the gospel by two Alaskan rogues may furnish another moral for missionaries. This graceless pair, being put in jail at Juneau with a third comrade, diverted their keeper's attention by bringing him a New Testament text to explain, shot him while he was examining it, and so effected their escape. Two of these inquiring theologians, being recaptured, were hanged by a mob. There is no objection to utilizing this story for showing the perils of perverting the Scriptures from their proper use, provided that a moral is also drawn regarding the crime of lynching.

A newsman at Jamaica tied a string around his aching tooth and just before a train left the station he tied the other end of the string to the rear car. When the train started he ran along behind it until it had gathered headway, when he dropped on his knees. The train carried the tooth to Long Island City. An expression of pain on his face was followed by one of delight when he knew the cause of his trouble was gone. —[N. Y. Sun.

It was "court week" in a country town, and a late comer was given one of a dozen cots which had been put up temporarily in the parlor. There was a grand chorus of snores from the other cots. "After an hour or more of this uproar one of the most resonant of the snores brought up with a snort and was suddenly silent. A Frenchman who occupied a cot in the extreme corner of the room exclaimed: "Thank God, von is dead!"

A conundrum constructor, whose name is unknown to fame, has found out by experience the difference between a sweetheart and a wife is almost akin to the difference between a gold-headed cane and a wart on your nose. You carry the one around with you because you like to and the other because you've got to. —[N. Y. Advertiser.

A little boy in Georgia who wrote Santa Claus for a pony was wise enough to add: "P.S. if he is a mule please to let him be a mule."

Submarine Cables.

The first cost of the submarine cables is heavy, and they last on the average, only ten or twelve years. If a cable breaks in deep water after it is ten years old, it can not be lifted for repairs, as it is liable to break of its own weight. The action of the sea water gradually destroys the outer coating of iron wire, though the core of the cable may remain perfect. The companies are consequently compelled to put aside a large share of their earnings as a reserved fund for this decennial renewing of the cables. The repairs of these submarine lines are also very costly. A ship has to be chartered at an expense of some \$500 a day; and it generally takes several weeks to find the locality of the break and mend it, which can be done only in favorable weather. A single break has sometimes cost \$100,000. Still this branch of telegraphy is profitable. There are six wires connecting this country with Great Britain and France and it is announced that two more will soon be added.

Exchanged With It. The daily newspaper editor is not above practicing deceit. A man went into an Arkansas newspaper office, and said to the editor:

"Have you got the Wiggleville Bottlesly handy?"

"No sir, I never saw it."

"You exchange with it."

"No, for we have no use for such papers."

"I know you exchange with it, for I send it to you every week. I am the editor of the Bottlesly."

"Oh the Bottlesly! Why, certainly, we exchange with it. Most valuable exchange on the list, but I haven't got it here as I always take it home." Country editor went away highly flattered. —[Arkansas Traveler.

The passage of the new Maid of the Mist through the Niagara whirlpool rapids turned out to be a tame affair. The craft was built up from an old scow, and had a stove for a furnace, no engine, and a dummy for a steersman. She drew about a foot of water, and whirling round and round, went through the rapids with little difficulty or damage. This was a travesty on the voyage of the true Maid of the Mist so many years ago; but, as the sight drew a great throng of spectators who accepted this performance in lieu of the many advertised imitations of Webb which have not been forthcoming, those who thrive by the presence of visitors were satisfied.

A lady entered a ticket office in Toledo, and bought a ticket for Milwaukee. She told the ticket seller that she had never travelled alone, and that her husband had always told her that she could not without trouble. She desired to disprove it by making this trip alone. Accordingly she asked for and got all the information as to the departure of her train, the change of cars in Chicago, checking baggage, &c., and went from the ticket office smiling at the manner in which she would surprise her husband. A few minutes later the ticket seller found on the counter the ticket he had sold her with the change.

The daughter of a fisherman at a seashore town had a diff with her lover because she would not allow him to name his new boat for her. "Why do you stand out ag'in it?" asked her father. "Well," queried the girl, "do you think it such a great compliment to hear every few weeks that Matilda Slocum's up for repairs, Matilda Slocum's in the dock to be scraped, or that Matilda Slocum's lost all her fixin's generally? Well, now, if you do, I don't; and that's got to settle it!" —[Boston Transcript.

The city of Devil's Lake, Dakota, known to the postal authorities as Creelsburg, is not yet 100 days old, but already choice lots in it are sold as high as \$2,000 apiece. It has seven large hotels, two banks, two papers, and many shops and factories. It is situated on Devil's Lake, and, owing to its many attractions, is known as the "Saratoga of Dakota."

In New Jersey, last Thursday, a ruffian assaulted a citizen with brass knuckles. At the same moment twenty-four hours later, he had been arrested, tried, sentenced, confined in the State prison and was pegging away on a pair of shoes, and had enlarged views as to the rapidity of Jersey lightning as understood by the courts of justice.

STREET TALK.—How much better you look, Mrs. S. "Yes, I have gained 32 pounds on Hall's Catarrh Cure. Have not felt so well in 20 years. It has made a complete cure and is worth \$50 a bottle to any one that has the catarrh."

Mendelssohn's Marriage.

This pretty story is told of the founder of the Mendelssohn family: He was a hunchback and a young Hamburg maiden rejected his love suit in consequence. When wishing her adieu she said: "Do you really think that marriages are made in heaven as they say?" "Yes, indeed," he replied, "and something especially wonderful happened to me. At the birth of a child proclamation is made in heaven that he or she shall marry such and such a one. When I was born my future wife was also named, but at the same time it was said: Alas, she will have a dreadful hump on her back! 'O, God,' I then said, 'a deformed girl will become embittered, whereas she should be beautiful. Give me the hump and let the maiden be well favored and agreeable.'" The sophistry had its reward; they were married.

The Boston Transcript discourses delightfully in an editorial on September, and in the course of its remarks says: "Perfection of beauty is found, not in childhood or youth, but in the beginning of middle life; and the early autumn will bring together all that is most desirable in a climate. Whether it be the cool morning, when it is a joy to live and breathe the delicious air; the warm afternoons, when the gardens are in all their glow of color, and peaches and plums drop from the loaded branches; or the evenings, when the light wood fire dances merrily on the hearth, it is summer and winter on their best behavior, giving friendly tokens to each other."

FARMING IN NEBRASKA.—A York county farmer informs us that off of ten acres he sold \$225 worth of wheat. The yield was thirty-two bushels to the acre. At those figures a farmer can pay for a new farm out of the proceeds of each crop—and pay \$20 an acre for the land at that. —[York Democrat.

The future is always fairyland to the youth. Life is like a beautiful and winding lane, on either side bright flowers, and beautiful butterflies and tempting fruits, which we scarcely pause to admire and taste, so eager are we to hasten to an opening which we imagine will be more beautiful still.

Never has there been a year in which bees have been so prolific as this. From all sections of the country bee raisers report that they have had hard work to keep hives enough ahead to accommodate the new colonies that wanted to set up house-keeping for themselves.

A great many Christians are like the colored gentleman who said that he had been walking "in the broad and narrer path for twenty years" and never found it a hard road to travel.

Oaths are vulgar, senseless, offensive, impious; like obscene words, they leave a noisome trail upon the soul. They gratify no sense, while they outrage taste and dignity.

The temperance advocate, Francis Murphy, who will soon return to this country, has received 5,000,000 pledges during his work abroad.

The Breckenridge News, says: "The man who stops his paper to economize ought to cut his nose off to save the expense of handkerchiefs."

Very Low Rates.

DURING the continuance of the Southern Exposition, at Louisville, Ky., (commencing August 1st, and continuing 100 days), the Louisville & Nashville Railroad will sell Excursion Tickets from any of its stations to Louisville at one fare for the round trip. These Tickets will be on sale every day, from L. & N. stations and will be good 15 days, allowing ample time to visit the Greatest Exposition ever held in the South, and second only to the Centennial at Philadelphia.

MONUMENTS.—Parties desiring any thing in the monumental line will do well to read the advertisement of Alfred White whose business was established in 1852 and is still located at the old stand Nos. 255 and 257, W. 5th St. Cincinnati, O. Mr. White is at present in Europe purchasing largely in his line of imported Scotch and Italian work.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Denting's New Discovery for Piles is a radical cure from the old remedies heretofore in use. The Discovery is the result of years of patient scientific study and investigation into the character of this painful disease. To convince you of its great merit, call on Penny & McAllister, Stanford, or W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon, and get a sample box free of charge.

There is no safety in allowing a cough, however light, to continue. No one can tell the cough that may prove dangerous. Brown's Expecto-rant will eradicate any cough or cold ever contracted. Ask your druggist for this and no other. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

J. T. Morrison, of Worthington, Ind., says one bottle of Brown's Expecto-rant worked like a charm in his family. He is convinced of its wonderful curative qualities. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

M'ROBERTS & STAGG

DRUGGISTS AND PHARMACEUTISTS,

Opera House Block, - - - Stanford, Ky.,

—DEALERS IN—

Drugs, Chemicals, Wall Paper, Wines, Musical Instruments, Stationery, Liquors, Cigars, Pocket Cutlery, Oils, Soaps, Perfumery, Fire Arms, Machine Needles.

Our Jewelry, Silverware and Optical Goods Department is in Charge of Col. Thos. Richards, who will Repair Watches and Clocks Promptly and in the best style.

ALFRED WHITE.

CINCINNATI, O.



I have in stock over 300 Finished Monuments in Scotch and American Granite and Italian and Native Marble, which I am selling at reduced prices in order to make room for new stock. Designs are new and prices from \$5 to \$10,000.

H. C. RUPLEY,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Stanford, - - - Kentucky,

Penny & McAllister

PHARMACISTS

Drugs, Books, Stationery and Fancy Articles.

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Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry & Silverware

Ever brought to this market. Prices Lower than the Lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired on short notice and Warranted.

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AND HARNESS SHOP.

Nice lot of Horses and Fine Turnouts. Rates reasonable.

100,000 POUNDS WOOL

Is wanted by me. I will pay the highest market price. I also deal in COAL!

And can supply it in any quantity.

A. T. NUNNELLEY, Stanford, Ky.

STEAM PRINTING!

The Interior Journal Steam Printing Office does all kinds of Job Work neatly and cheaply. Try us. W. P. Walton, Prop'r.

Business Education

Commercial College of Ky. University, Lexington, Ky.

WILBUR B. SMITH, PRESIDENT. Students received every week day of the year. Summer session now open for receiving students. Regular Fall Session, Sept. 10, 1883. If the time and expense, then at any similar College in America. Nearly 1,000 successful graduates of the above College, together with the leading educational institutions of the country, are the evidence of its high standing and the success of its Course of Study and Training, as being thorough, practical and complete—embracing Bookkeeping, Business Arithmetic, Commercial Law, Mercantile Correspondence, Penmanship, &c. Those required to complete the Fall Session Business Course from 2 to 3 months. Total cost, including Tuition, Books, Stationery, and Board in a good private family about \$6. Students of this College are allowed the other colleges of the University, under its position, for one year free of charge. When 2 or more enter together, a reduction of \$5 on each one's tuition will be made. Over 50 graduates from 11 States and 3 Foreign Countries receiving instruction under our faculty this past year. The Department of Telegraphy a Specialty. For full particulars, address WILBUR B. SMITH, Pres't, Lexington, Ky.

SHELDON is still holding possession of the Land Office at Frankfort contrary to law and in defiance of the expressed wishes of nearly 150,000 voters. No matter what Cecil may have done or promised, it does not excuse Sheldon's usurpation and Cecil must be a decidedly timid man else he would not so quietly submit to having his rights denied him. It is best of course to let the courts settle the matter, but it strikes us that a man is either a coward, a knave or both, who would not walk into the office to which he was lawfully elected and take possession or die in the attempt. We have heretofore felt kindly towards Sheldon, never however regarding him as a man of much calibre, but by his disgraceful conduct he has forfeited the respect of all law abiding men and shown that the last convention did wisely in deciding to relegate him to the obscurity of his Nelson county home. And now if he will not quietly give up the office to which he has no claims whatever, because he himself is a party to the corrupt bargaining and trading that he complains of, he ought to be quietly ordered out and failing to go, he should be assisted out on the top of a boot.

The Patent Office is a paying institution for the government. During the fiscal year, just closed, there were 32,845 applications for patents and 1,039 for design patents, or 4,000 more than the year before. The receipts from all sources were \$1,095,884 and after paying all expenditures a surplus of \$518,255 was left. The Americans are decidedly an inventive nation and if they keep on in their efforts to create labor-saving machines the next generation will be freed almost entirely from toil.

This office is in receipt of the following dispatch from General Manager J. M. Wright: "The members of the Kentucky Press are invited to visit the Exposition on Thursday, Sept. 20th." Our Louisville letter tells what will be done that day and it is beyond the power of the average rural rooster to resist the temptation to go. Therefore the gentleman will please consider his invitation accepted so far as we are concerned.

The Sunday Argus calls our attention to the fact that the Legislature can not abolish the office of Register of Land Office by statute, inasmuch as its existence is provided for by the State constitution. Then there is another reason added to the many, for a new one.

The news that the protracted drouth has rendered the Virginia peanut crop a failure, will cast a gloom over the entire community of munchers, who are never so happy as when they can disturb an assemblage with their disagreeable noise.

The New York Times, a republican paper, says that its State is certain for the democrats this year and next. Its warring factions have harmonized while the republicans are rent with discussions.

There is on exhibition in Baltimore a man recently arrived from Germany whose skin is so elastic that he can seize the cuticle of the breast and stretch it up to cover his entire face.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—President Arthur acted as pall-bearer at the funeral of Hugh Hastings and so did Jay Gould.

—Barbara Miller, colored, was hanged in Richmond, Va., Friday for the murder of her husband.

—In ten months the 363,374 emigrants arrived in this country. The greatest number in any one month came in May, when 69,593 arrived.

—Col. Robt. M. Mayo, of Westmoreland, Va., Congressman-elect, suicided Saturday because he could not adapt his mind to the readjuster principles on which ticket he was elected.

—At Pittsburg, the balloon in which Prof. G. A. Warner has been making ascensions collapsed when 8,000 feet above terra firma. Warner was enabled to get a firm hold of the ropes, and the balloon came down so slowly as to land him unharmed.

—The Kentucky University at Lexington has ninety in the college of art; seventy in the college of the Bible; 100 in the commercial college, and thirty in the academy. These are from all parts of the country, but mostly from the Middle and Western States.

—The number of pension claims now pending, which include arrears, is 148,813. If one-half of these be allowed the total amount required to pay them will be \$121,373,300. This of course is in addition to all sums heretofore paid under the arrears act. There are also 5,092 claims now pending, which do not involve arrears. If 50 per cent. of these be allowed, the annual demand upon the Treasury to meet them will be \$5,023,830. The present pension list calls for \$32,000,000 a year. Considering all the claims now unadjusted to be settled and one-half of them allowed, the sum required for the entire pension list would be \$44,830,565. It is startling to contemplate.

—Leon Abbott was nominated by the democrats for Governor of New Jersey on the second ballot.

—Janus Brutus Booth is dying at the hotel of which he is proprietor in Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.

—Fifteen criminals were sentenced to the penitentiary at the last term of the Mohlenberg, Ky., Circuit Court.

—Hon. J. Wick Kendall is announced as a candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals to succeed Judge Hargis.

—Tom Haney was convicted at Georgetown Saturday of the murder of Bill Nichols and sentenced to 21 years in the penitentiary.

—The New Hampshire Legislature has just adjourned after a session of 102 days. Over \$100,000 will be required to pay their per diem.

—The new Tennessee law against gambling is being made nugatory by using decks of cards upon which pictures of animals appear instead of the usual spots. The cards are designated by the names of the animals whose pictures they bear.

—This is Kentucky week. We will have the Governor, the State officers, the Senators and the Congressmen, the members of the State press and 100,000 unarmed Kentuckians. The city will welcome them, the Fair Association will do them honor and the Exposition will receive them with open arms.—[G. J. of yesterday.]

—W. Montrose has been fined \$1,000 and sentenced to the chain gang for 12 months for distributing the New York Police Gazette in Atlanta. Montrose went to Atlanta under the direction of Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the Police Gazette, to make a test case under the State laws. The paper has been shut out of Atlanta for five years.

—Gov. Knott has been in office 14 days, and the only pardon issued by him to a convict was to Edward Wilson, of color, who was sent to prison for ten years for murder. He had served his entire sentence, with the exception of one day, had only been idle one day during his incarceration, was a faithful and obedient prisoner, and the Governor restored him to citizenship by granting him a pardon.

—A stubbornly fought battle has occurred between the French and the Black Flags. The French claim to have captured two towns and to have driven the Black Flags out of their intrenchments at the point of the bayonet. The French lost 2 officers and 14 men killed and 5 officers and 40 men wounded. The casualties among the Black Flags are estimated at from 500 to 600. The French took 30 prisoners, whom they beheaded forthwith.

—The Proteus, which, in company with the Yantic, sailed from St. John's June 29, to relieve the Greeley party, was crushed by ice July 23, and sank in four hours. The disaster occurred near Cape Sabine. All the provisions and stores intended for the Greeley party went down. The crew took to the boats and made their way over 600 miles of ice and water before they were rescued by the Yantic. Conflicting stories of the fate of the Greeley party were told by the Eskimo. Captain Greeley and his men are now destined to spend their fourth winter in the Arctic Regions, and very likely with insufficient stores.

GEO. O. BARNES IN ENGLAND

"PRAISE THE LORD"

SOLINGHOUSE, ENGLAND.

HIGHGATE, LONDON, Sept. 1st, '83

Dear Interior:

The Hackney meeting closed on Wednesday night, the 29th ult., with the largest congregation and greatest number of confessions, our dear LORD, as usual, keeping the best for the last. The closing discourse was upon "Bible Blue Ribbonism," in which I did what I could by an exposition of Numbers xv:37 to show that the blue ribbon of Jesus' gospel was not a crusade against the rum-sellers, but God's LOVE to all; rum-sellers included. I am grieved at the course the temperance movement is taking here, and the unlovely spirit of many of its advocates, who openly proclaim the "extermination of the licensed victuallers as vermin." This is certainly a diabolical exhibition of temper that will recoil on all who give it house-room, and will assuredly work harm to the temperance reform. Mr. John Bright gave an admirable address at the opening of the "Cobden Coffee House" at Birmingham last Thursday, which will do good in quieting the "fire-eaters," who just now are the heaviest load the good ship Teetotalism has to carry. Between these too ardent friends, who would ruin all to keep revenge on the publicans, and the lukewarm and cowardly ones, who only wear a very thin and feeble blue ribbon on their Sunday coats, and are so many barnacles clinging to the old craft's bottom and sides, causing her to sail sluggishly—the cause bids fair to languish just now. Indeed the Government returns of income from the sale of spirituous and malt liquors show a startling recovery during the last month, that has rather frightened temperance advocates who had begun to believe that the Millennium of total abstinence was dawning, when the revenue fell off, as it tremendously did a few months ago. The decline in blessing on the temperance work dates from the vicious persecution of the "pubs," who, whatever their shortcomings and wrong-doings, were carrying on a business fully sanctioned by the law of the country. As well might an outcry be raised against Harper Bros. and others because they have grown rich by pirating British copyrights and sucking the brains of British authors without adequate compensation, when our American law protects and encourages them in it by steadily refusing to entertain an "International Copyright Bill" looking to the amelioration of wrongs, many and long-continued. I am not now speaking of God's law, which alike says to Publishers, "Thou shalt not steal!" and to Publishers, "Thou shalt not put a bottle to thy neighbor's lips." This blessed code is little recognized in "legitimate" (?) trade. I am sorry to say, "LOVE worketh its neighbor no ill; therefore LOVE is the fulfilling of the law" of God. But man's law is the thing in question now, and however much we may personally disapprove the law, we have no right to treat cavalierly those who have been sharp enough to step in and make a fortune out of a faulty legislation.

The temptation is too great for the average sinner (or saint for that matter) and if "he that is without sin is to cast the first stone" there would be as few stones thrown as in the 8th chapter of John. I fear the "licensed victuallers" can truthfully say to many a wearer of the blue ribbon who is "taking it out" on the "L. V.s." "You bug the sin that you've fastened to."

By damning that you have no mind to."

The only remedy for all this iniquitous business, which is as hateful in theology, if not worse, as in business and politics, is to act on the law of LOVE and give something better than that you propose to take away. Thin chocky will never be accepted as a substitute for good beer by either English or Americans; and the cheerful, well-lighted, well-served gin palace will attract the well-worked man to the end of time, unless you have a coffee palace of at least equal pretensions to comfort, with a good, honest drink, as cheap as publicans can furnish. Alas! the average philanthropic coffee palace (?) is a dingy room, captured by flies; floor untidy; coffee a sloppy adulteration; plates with relics of the last occupant visible in smears of mustard or gravy; forks with parti-colored accumulations between the tines; spoons, that odious admixture of brass and silver, made by badly worn plating and table-cloths where one can study at his leisure the history of knife and fork battles with various edibles; traces of the gray being copiously scattered around for gratuitous information.

I had the pleasure of addressing a lot of "Navvies" (as laborers on roads and other public works are called in England) night before last. The rough, but sensible and hearty knights of the pick-axe and shovel, in question, had been gathered by the indefatigable and gentle overtures of the two Misses Green, who take the trouble to go almost daily where a lot of these men are employed on a road near their father's house and during the noon rest, for dinner, read, pray and sing with them, invite them to tea at Drill Hall, and on the occasion when I addressed them, had them with wives and children for a whole afternoon on Mr. Green's elegant lawn and in an adjacent meadow for cricket and other games; with a repast spread in a spacious tent pitched on the croquet lawn; winding up with religious services in the evening before going home. It was a pleasant party, seemed to be thoroughly enjoyed by the men, women and children, though not exactly the most hopeful place to preach the gospel; it being well understood by all parties that the festivities were only a trap to catch souls and would not have been thought of as a social enjoyment, apart from that fact. This is the weak point in all the philanthropic efforts. It is only a spasmodic break-down of social barriers, for a purpose, and that purpose being clearly discerned, the honest Briton is on his guard at once—disliking to be taken into a trap, as we all do, however gilded a one it may be. "In vain is the snare set in sight of any bird," and I began my gospel address with the painful consciousness that my birds had come in out of deference to their kind entertainers, the Greens, but most steadily declined to have the traditional "pinch of salt" applied by the evangelistic "charmer"—charm he never so wisely.

Yet many are caught in this way, and our good, persistent, loving young ladies will surely get their "Navvies" in time. I feel confident of that. There were no confessions in the tent, but evident impressions, and I am certain that more than one gave the assurance by nervous hand-shake or actual promise to our zealous young evangelists, of the beginning of a new life, while the latter stood outside the gate of the villa, in the darkness, taking the hand of each for a final word, as they filed out going homewards. At the close of the meeting, while Mr. Green was addressing a few well-chosen parting words, this subject of "Coffee vs. Beer" came up and little by little came out the reason from various quarters why the men did not invest in the former at the noon meal. Both were served by ready attendants from the "public" and the "coffee house" respectively, but the beer was overwhelmingly the favorite:

1. The "pub." gave "kick"—the coffee man would not credit. 2. The coffee was poor—"tastes like it had soda in it," as one of the men explained on being particularly questioned; "no strength in it, sir," another said; "don't taste like coffee, sir," a third rejoined. This was followed by a general murmur of disapprobation and disgust, which clearly showed "which way the wind blew" on the refreshment question. Making allowance for natural depravity and a desire to get a good excuse for drinking the beer "they were inclined to," the fact remains that beer they will drink until something better is given. The reform has not reached that point yet, so far as I can see. The coffee is villainous—the beer splendid. How stupid to dream that the average mortal will on "pure principle" bolt the one and abstain from the other! The only thing left in the way of a hold on the poor fellows, therefore, is to depict the horrors of drink, which is in effect the "fire and brimstone" argument of the parsons, in soul matter; and I am sorry to say the staple argument left, in the absence of a better. It will frighten a few; and Praise the LORD, if by any means some are saved. But is it not time—"high time"—that a more excellent way should be opened up? Hell will always be a sort of check on wicked men, and the appalling end of the drunkard will always be a check on drinkers. But there is no gospel in the depicting of either, and those who turn to God or temperance on the low ground of terror, will be a fearful, terror-stricken lot, all of their days, as a rule. There must be a better way. There is, thank God. All this abuse of the blessed scripture that the "natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God," as if the LOVE of God and the sweetness of the real gospel can not be made attractive and delightful to the unregenerate soul, is as false as that good coffee and cheap, will not be acceptable to a British workman. The very opposite has been triumphantly demonstrated in the very few cases where it has been tried. Men don't want to go to hell or the "public" if you give them something better that will be enough better to overcome the natural bias to both places. "The goodness of God"

does "lead to change of mind (metanoia) and good and cheap food and drink, with comfortable quarters to enjoy them in, will go far to empty gin palaces. But the average sinner will run all risks, with the devil-furnished hope that "something will turn up" to save him at last, if you can only give him, in lieu of his darling sin and habits, the orthodox God of fire and brimstone, a hard bench in a mission chapel, or a seat in one of the coffee palaces (?) above described. O, for preachers to preach a God who is LOVE and nothing else; who will defend Him through thick and thin, by the name that He Himself has given us as the clue out of all labyrinth; and who will fairly and squarely meet all cavillers on their own ground and defeat them with a victory that our God will surely give! And O, for men of money, who will lavishly spend it, in demonstrating that the average man will take a better thing if it is offered him, instead of the deadly poison that he now imbibes under the stimulus of gauds, music, assiduous attentions and depraved appetites!

I have just been reading (I can read a good deal now, while still fighting the devil, without glasses, for unimpaired vision ahead,) a very delightful book against infidelity entitled "Tradition of Eden" by Shephard. It is one of hundreds like it. It is not that brave hearts are wanting to defend the truth when seen to be defensible. Touch the blessed Bible at a Geological, Ethnological, Philological or Cosmological point, and hosts of mail clad warriors will shiver a lance for its defence. But how comes it that when one like Col. Ingersoll attacks the morality of the Bible, and boldly challenges a successful defence of the God of the Bible, from the orthodox standpoint, the armies of Israel flee like frightened rabbits to their tents, and cower there, while this Goliath of Gath bellows defiance across the valley of Elah. "Give me a man, who will fight me," is an unanswered challenge to-day, if it be a combat on his own ground. And that is the only victory worth gaining. David gave his opponent the advantage ground, took him on the dead run, and slung a stone without aiming it, so that God, not the skill of a practiced Benjamin hand, might have all the glory, and so he slew him, and cut off the giants head with his own sword.

Brethren of the ministry, has it come to this that we have a God concerning whom the less that is said of His moral character, as set forth in His word, the better. Are we indeed driven to defend the "ologies" of the Bible as an excuse for letting the central point of attack go undefended? Are we any longer compelled to bow our heads and cry out "mysterious providence," "When our God is accused of perpetrating or permitting for holy ends, bloody warfare, slavery of the worst type, polygamy, murder, adultery; all the 'evils' that are done in the great 'city' of London, daily and nightly; all the heathenism of the 'ends of the earth;' and charged with all this, because our theology admits fairly and logically the dreadful charge. I entreat you to ponder the fact, that of all the hundreds of books written in defence of the Bible, not one attempts a defense of the point raised so awfully by Col. Ingersoll. And "is there not a cause" as David said to Eliab? Has not this silence given consent to the charges, and so as good John Milton says: "You have brought scandal to Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt to feeble hearts, propense enough before to waver." Alas! the victims of this dreadful silence on the main point, are around you on every hand.

The remedy is simple. Deny, according to scripture, that God does any of these things expressly, impliedly, or permissively. Lay all upon the real perpetrator, the devil; and having done this, the LORD will show you how to explain every seemingly adverse scripture to the satisfaction of every honest mind. The dishonest would not be convinced "though one rose from the dead."

There were 487 confessions at the Hackney meeting—nearly all adults. Praise the dear LORD! Hope to report a fresh field in my next, but none open just now that we know of ever in Jesus, GEO. O. BARNES.

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